

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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I'M NOT SO YOUNG AS I USED TO BE.

My name is Ebenezer Clam,
I am a poor old nigger man,
My time is drawing to a close,
I'm getting rather slow;
Sometimes I feel I can't tell how;
How do you think I feel just now?
Why, I feel just as young as I used to be
Forty years ago.

Oh! white folks all, I feel so good,
I feel as if I would if I could,
But when I kinder try to do,
I find it is no go.
When I was young I'd jump at the chance,
Soon as the banjo struck up a dance;
But I'm not so young as I used to be
Forty years ago.

There's my old wife named Sarah Ann,
My animated warming-pan,
I love to gaze upon her face,
As black as any crow;
I remember, on our wedding day,
Dancing the happy hours away;
But we're not so young as we used to be,
Forty years ago.

Now what's the use to fret and sigh,
Or lying idly down to die?
Life 'tis but a holiday,
I'd have you all to know.
So be like Ebenezer Clam;
For, I'll live as long as you all,
And tell the young folks all about
Some forty years ago.

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